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First Name Basis

by [ConnectingSmallDots](#)

Summary

Jack Thompson is falling in love...the problem is that he doesn't even know it. Daniel Sousa is falling in love but he doesn't know it either.
This is the story of how they went from Thompson and Sousa to Jack and Daniel, with a little bit of blood, sweat and tears along the way.

Notes

I may be better at writing descriptions than the actual story but if you like slightly OOC dumb idiots falling in love than this is exactly what you're looking for. I do not own any of the characters (unless they are minor ones for plot purposes). I just really love Agent Carter, okay?

Enjoy.

P.S: Chapter One was originally written in present tense before I changed it so I apologise for any potential grammar issues that I missed.

Chapter One: Night Shift

There wasn't a single moment where Jack Thompson started looking at Daniel Sousa differently. It wasn't like the movies where it happened after a brief musical number and a change in key; it was more like the dripping of a leaky faucet trying to fill an entire swimming pool. It took time.

It took a long time for a small change and by the time Thompson had changed enough for Peggy to notice, Daniel seemed to be constantly sighing or hitting his head on his desk whenever Thompson opened his mouth.

Peggy laughed out loud when Daniel pretended to bash his head against his lamp and he turned round in his chair to look at her, a slight blush creeping onto his cheeks.

"Alright there, Agent Sousa?" She asked, her grin lighting up her face. She had got her feet on her desk, lounging back in her chair with a large stack of files to look through but that didn't mean she had got through any of them.

Daniel shook his head and turned back to face his desk. Every word that Thompson said rang loud and clear in his head and the words on the paper in front of him swam and blurred.

"You've been staring at the word 'and' for five minutes." Peggy said, making him jump when she appeared beside him, head tilted curiously. "Are you seriously alright, Daniel?"

"Yeah." Daniel nodded quickly, once again not wanting to inconvenience anyone, let alone Peggy. "Just tired, that's all."

"I would offer to take night shift for you but Angie's first big performance is this evening and I promised that I'd go." Peggy put a hand on his shoulder and squeezed gently, eyes flicking between the agent and his work. She pulled a pen from the stationary pot on his desk and circled something for him. "Try that." She said before walking back to her own desk and knuckling down with her work.

Peggy kept an eye on Daniel all afternoon, making mental notes to herself as she tried to figure out what was going on. She knew that Thompson was the issue but there was something bigger than that.

It was only when Thompson returned with two coffees and gave one to Daniel that it suddenly all slotted into place and she felt very smug.

Agent Thompson was falling in love with Agent Sousa.

"Quit grinning at me, Carter, and clock out." Thompson said when he caught Peggy watching him with a smile that would rival the Cheshire Cat.

"Yes, sir." She saluted mockingly. While Thompson may have been in charge, it was very clear who everyone would rather listen to in a crisis- and it was not him.

The other agents packed up and left soon after Peggy, leaving as a group and there was some talk of a trip to a bar. Daniel was scribbling furiously when the door shut and he only looked up when a shadow fell across his page.

"Thompson?" Daniel raised his eyebrows, an innocent expression on his face. "I thought you'd be going with the other guys."

“Believe it or not, I also have work to do, Sousa.” Thompson said, tone showing that he’s close to snapping. He looked tired, Daniel thought as he noted the dark circles under Thompson’s eyes and his slouched posture. He couldn’t imagine why though. None of the cases that were currently running were difficult and, last time he cared enough to listen, Thompson had a girlfriend to go home to.

“You need any-,” Daniel started to offer but Thompson had already stalked away into his office and slammed the door, “-help.” He finished anyway and shook his head.

No one called anything in and no breakthroughs occurred during the shift so Sousa and Thompson sat in their separate rooms, working in silence.

Although Thompson wasn’t really working that hard.

His mind kept wandering and not in the way it should with a case file before him. He started thinking about catching the man he was after but he ended up on a train of thought about his girlfriend and- oddly- Sousa.

They hadn’t broken up yet- his girlfriend and himself- but it was going that way and he expected a note written in neat cursive waiting for him on the bedside table when he got home. Jack wasn’t sure how they went from such happiness to a relationship melt down but, as he watched Sousa through the glass, he found his thoughts drifting again.

He never noticed before but Sousa sticks his tongue out when he concentrates really hard and he hunches down on his desk almost like he is getting physically pulled towards his scribbling.

He watched as Sousa sat up and stretched back, arms going out behind him and he yawned, wide and opened mouthed, blinking like a tiny kitten, before returning to his work.

Jack sighed. He was never going to get anything done like this but he didn’t want to interrupt Sousa to have a conversation either. He was a little startled when it turned out the most recent scribbling Sousa had done was a sign he held up that read ‘I can see you watching me, you know.’

It wasn’t even that embarrassing- he was supervising after all- but Jack fidgeted a little. He doesn’t blush usually but he ends up fiddling when he gets flustered.

‘You gonna come over or just stare for the next hour’. Sousa held up another sign and Jack pointedly rolled his eyes, trying to go back to his work.

He made it all of five seconds before he got out of his chair and opened his office door. “Don’t throw things in here, Sousa.” He said when Daniel tossed the now scrunched up signs towards a paper bin at the back of the room. The paper hit the wall and bounced back into the bin neatly, a shot that Daniel has practiced over and over.

“Well, I can’t exactly get up and put it in the bin easily, Thompson.” Daniel shot back. “You staring at me for any reason or were you just feeling particularly creepy this evening?”

Jack’s face remained neutral as he replied. “No creepier than usual.” He moved and shoved some of Daniel’s papers along so he could perch on the edge of the agent’s desk. He picked up a sheet and read it.

“You got a problem?” Daniel asked him when Jack raised his eyebrows.

“Huh. You use first names in your notes.” He said and Daniel sighed.

“That’s seriously what you have a problem with?” He shook his head. He didn’t understand how Thompson’s brain worked sometimes.

“Normal people use last names.” Jack replied and Daniel rolled his eyes. Scrap that. He didn’t understand how Thompson’s brain worked all the time.

“Yes, well,” Daniel retorted, “most people missing a leg don’t get classified as ‘normal’ these days.”

It must be a trick of the light because Jack looked almost apologetic when Daniel said that and he had to avert his gaze from Daniel for a moment before he could speak again.

“You got anyone at home at the moment?” Jack asked nonchalantly and Daniel was a little bit taken aback by the casual conversations being made. He briefly wondered if this was some jibe that Thompson had someone and he had only just stopped trailing Peggy round like a lost puppy.

“No.” He answered bluntly and there was a pause before he added. “You?”

He was a little surprised when Jack shook his head once and he tilted his own head as if to prompt Jack into an explanation.

“I might. We haven’t been- uh- seeing eye-to-eye recently so I’m normally on couch duty.” Jack said. Not only does that explain the fact he had no one to go home to but it also hinted at why he looks so tired.

“Agent Thompson not used to being in the doghouse?” Daniel joked and Thompson’s face closed up suddenly, the emotion he had briefly shown disappearing like smoke.

“Oh, ha ha, Sousa. Hilarious.” He snapped, clearly wounded by the comment. It was usually easy to hurt Thompson’s pride but not like that.

Daniel fully stopped working then and opened a draw, shoving all his work into it. He turned and faced Jack properly, arms crossed and eyes curious.

“What’s wrong, Thompson?” He asked and Thompson looked away, staring at the wall.

“Nothing.” He answered but he was lying and it didn’t take a SSR agent to tell. “It’s none of your damn business.”

“It is if it’s bothering you. Ever heard of the phrase ‘brothers in arms’?” Daniel argued and Jack sighed heavily. He didn’t want to share but Sousa had been growing on him recently and, in five minutes, he found himself talking about his relationship with a glass of whiskey in one hand and the other on Sousa’s desk.

They just talked then and the work slipped out of their minds as Thompson shared why he was so tired and stressed at the moment and Daniel shared some similar stories of his own.

“Sousa?” Jack asked as they lapsed into a silence after their conversation, the clock on the wall showing that it was the end of the shift.

“Yeah?” Daniel said, finishing his second drink and putting the glass down on his desk. Their hands brushed in the process and Thompson jerked away a little.

“You can’t tell anyone about this.” He said and Daniel nodded.

“Sure.” He pushed himself to his feet after a pause and leant against the desk while he put his coat

on. Thompson continued to sit on his desk, staring off into the distance, grip tight on his glass.

“Thompson?” Daniel said, slotting his arm into his crutch and standing up properly. “You should consider going home now too.”

Jack snorted. “Ah yes. Go back to my doghouse.”

Daniel suddenly felt almost sympathetic towards Thompson and, in the spur of the moment, he spoke without thinking. “You’re more than welcome to stay a night at mine.”

Jack looked at him then, blue eyes shining with emotion that Daniel had never seen him showing before. He laughed, sadness mingled with something that seemed to be genuine gratitude.

“From one sofa to another?” He said but Daniel almost felt like what he was really saying was ‘thank you’.

Daniel shook his head and left, crutch making a soft click as it collided with the floor after every step. Jack watched the door for a long moment after he was gone without quite understanding why.

Chapter Two: Mmmm Whatcha Say

Chapter Summary

Peggy, Jack and Daniel try to catch an accomplice. It gets a bit emotional.

Chapter Notes

I do not own anything. Sorry this chapter is a bit short but meh.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Three weeks later, with the sky flashing with lightning and heavy raindrops falling onto the metal roof, Daniel, Jack and Peggy ended up searching an abandoned warehouse for an accomplice to the gang leader they finally rounded up.

If the gang leader was to be trusted, the accomplice would be here but difficult to catch. Daniel took one look at the stacks of crates and boxes and sighed.

“Not a fan of a search in the dark, Sousa?” Jack grinned, gun out already, looking up to the second level that bordered the edge of the giant space. If the accomplice was here, no doubt he would try to get up there and take a shot at them.

“Last time I ended up in a dark warehouse with you, you used me as bait.” Daniel replied and Jack laughed.

“You were excellent bait.” He said and Daniel glared through the darkness, pulling his own gun out from inside his jacket.

“Stop having a go at each other and search the area.” Peggy interrupted them. It had been a long day for the agent and the sooner they found the accomplice, the sooner she could go back and spend the evening with Angie.

Daniel and Jack exchanged looks before following Peggy’s instructions and splitting up. Daniel took the left row, Jack the right and Peggy climbed the ladder to search the second level.

The warehouse was just one big space with only one door and no other sections inside it which made searching a lot easier but Daniel could feel his heart thumping loudly in his chest.

The gunshot was loud and it rung out, echoing off the walls. Jack swore and there was a gentle thud as he collapsed. Neither Daniel nor Peggy could see where Jack had actually fallen as the boxes obscured their view but both leapt into action.

Peggy ran along the platform to where she had seen a slight glint from the reflection of a gun barrel and nearly tripped over as the shooter stuck out a leg, hiding behind a crate as Peggy passed.

The agent recovered quickly and turned, knocking the gun away that had been aimed at her chest.

She ducted a few punches and threw a few of her own before she caught the accomplice by the arm and forced them over the railings, sending them crashing to the concrete floor of the warehouse.

It was almost poetic how light streamed in through one of the smashed windows and shone over the dead body of the gang member. They were a man, Peggy noted, but that wasn't of much importance now they were dead.

Another gunshot made her jump. "Daniel?" She called out, hoping that it wasn't her friend who had been injured. She didn't get a reply so she climbed over the rail and jumped down to the ground using the crates.

She found Daniel next to Jack who was lying on the floor, blood seeping through his shirt on his left side.

"Come on, Thompson. Stay with me." Daniel said, one hand pressed over the wound to staunch the bleeding and the other on the side of Jack's face. "Peggy. Call an ambulance or something." He didn't even look round to give the instruction.

"Don't you dare die, okay, Thompson?" Peggy said, pointing a finger at the injured agent who coughed, eyelids flickering closed. She ran to the end of the warehouse where she had spotted a phone earlier and quickly dialed the number for the local hospital.

"You're gonna be okay, Thompson. Just stay with me. Eyes open." Daniel continued talking, partly to give Jack something to focus on and partly to cover up how scared he was. "Thompson?"

Jack coughed again, blood starting to trickle from the corner of his mouth. "M' name 's Jack. If 'm gonna die, you might as well call me Jack."

"You're not going to die, Thompson. You're going to be fine. I just need you to stay awake. Please." Daniel grabbed Jack's hand, blood stained fingers curling around blood stained fingers. Jack wasn't allowed to die. No. Daniel wouldn't allow it.

"Daniel." Jack said, opening his eyes a little to look at Daniel. "'M sorry 'bout what I said. 'Bout everything. Just don't cry over my dead body, alright?"

"Dammit, Thompson! You're not going to die, you hear me?" Daniel half-yelled, holding Jack's hand so tightly that he barely noticed when it started to go limp. "Thompson? Jack? Jack!"

They had to pull Daniel away from Jack to get him onto a stretcher and into the ambulance. The nurses wouldn't let either Peggy or Daniel go with them so they were left standing by the side of the road.

They got into the car in silence and Peggy drove as Daniel's hands were shaking still.

"He'll be alright, Daniel." Peggy spoke quietly over the humming of the engine and the other traffic around them.

Daniel didn't reply. He wanted to believe her but he'd lost so many friends during the war that the chance of Jack surviving seemed small to him.

Because that's what they were, he supposed: friends.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Comments make my day so thanks to those who leave them.
Kudos is good too if you just wanna leave that. :)

Chapter Three: Guardian Angel

Chapter Summary

Peggy and Daniel visit Jack in hospital. Now that he's not dying, Jack is back to his usual rude self... mainly.

Chapter Notes

I do not own anything and I'm sorry for another short chapter. The next one will be a lot long, promise. Enjoy. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re not a nurse.” Jack groaned when his eyes swam into focus. The familiar red hat and red lips seemed to be the only vibrant colour in a ward full of grey walls and grey sheets and grey curtains; even the sky outside was grey.

Peggy laughed. “Typical. I drop by once- not even to see you- and you wake up.” She perched on the edge of Jack’s hospital bed by his feet. “How are you feeling, Thompson?” She asked and Jack rubbed at his forehead.

“Like shit. How long have I been out?” He paused and frowned. “Wait, who did you come by to see?”

Peggy inclined her head and Jack looked to his right. His mouth made an ‘o’ shape when he saw Daniel sleeping in a chair beside his bed. “One day and thirteen hours. He’s been here for fifteen hours of that.”

Jack’s face was showing something Peggy didn’t recognise; mostly because she had never seen him look so touched before.

“I didn’t think he cared. I didn’t think you cared for that matter.” Jack said and Peggy smiled a little.

“You’re the heartless bastard, not me.” She told him and Jack tried to sit up a little from his propped up position. He winced, hissing out through gritted teeth, but kept going until he was sitting properly.

“How bad was the damage?” Jack asked, moved his covers off and lifted up his shirt so he could look at the bandaging around his torso.

“Could have been worse. Although one of the nurses fainted when she saw you because of how much blood you were covered in.” Peggy said and Jack chuckled.

“Or she was struck by my devilish handsomeness.” He replied and she rolled her eyes, standing up to leave.

“Careful, Thompson. You’re starting to sound like Howard.” Peggy warned him and Jack mocked hurt. “Seeing as Daniel is sleeping, I shall talk to him- and you- later. Agent Thompson.” She crossed the room and left, closing the door with a soft click behind her.

Jack turned his attention to Daniel when she had gone. It was sort of amusing, Jack thought, how if he leant over and nudged Daniel’s arm a little then his elbow would slip of the arm rest and he’d would inevitably fall out of his chair somewhat.

He considered it but he found he was more interested in just watching the peaceful expression on Daniel’s face as he slept that causing any hilarities.

Jack sighed and gave up on sitting, collapsing back against the pillows with a grunt. He shut his eyes and tried to think about something other than Daniel.

He wondered how much leave this would get him... or at least allow him, assuming Howard Stark didn’t give the Government a panic attack soon. Judging from the mild ache, about three or four days.

What could he do with three or four days? Not much. Jack had always enjoyed working and having a goal to strive towards. Aimless lying around wasn’t a fun prospect, even if it did mean takeaways and drinking games while watching his favourite movies.

Perhaps he could get away with two and turn up at the office on the third. He was sure there must be some kind of paper work to do somewhere that he wasn’t making Peggy do.

“You can have mine, if you want it.” Daniel spoke and Jack opened his eyes. Apparently, either Daniel was a mind reader or he had been speaking out loud.

“I’m not allowed to write accounts about my own accident, Sousa. I am susceptible to bias. I haven’t been dismissed.” Jack said and Daniel stretched, sitting up properly and rubbing at his eyes.

“I know. Thanks to you I’ve got cramp in my back.” He complained and Jack chuckled.

“It’s not my fault that you were so desperate to watch over me like some nurse or guardian angel or whatever you wanna be.” He waved his hand vaguely, not bothering to sit up again and simply turning his head instead.

Daniel shook his head. “I wasn’t desperate and I’m certainly not your guardian angel.” He paused and looked down at his hands, seeming to be unsure if he should say what was in his mind. What Jack had said to him in the warehouse was so unlike the Jack he thought he knew and he wasn’t sure whether he wanted to know if what Jack had said was true.

He didn’t get the chance though as a nurse came in to check Jack over. The agent pulled a variety of faces at Daniel while she poked and prodded and Daniel had to try his best to keep a straight face.

“Hey, Miss, can I get your name?” Jack asked and the nurse stared at him.

“No, Mr Thompson, you can’t.” She said bluntly, scribbling something down onto the paper she had on her clipboard. “I have been reliably informed by my friend that my name won’t be the only thing you’ll be after.”

Daniel snorted and Jack’s eyes widened. “Do I get to know the name of this friend?” He checked and she shook her head.

“No. Mr Sousa, I’m afraid you will have to leave soon as there is only a certain amount of time we allow visitors in this hospital. Mr Thompson, I will send someone round with some food for you, if you would like?” The nurse said, on her way to the door. It appeared to be a rhetorical question because she left before Jack could answer.

“Well then.” Daniel said once she had gone. “That’s one less fish in the sea.” Jack reached out and hit him on the arm. “Ouch.”

“Don’t be mean, Sousa. That’s my job.” Jack said, pouting a little. Daniel laughed.

“I know it is.” He got to his feet, picking up his crutch from where he had left it on the floor beside the chair.

“Hey, Sousa?” Jack said when Daniel reached the door, watching him intently.

“Yeah, Thompson?” Daniel ran a hand through his hair.

Jack smiled. “Do me a favour and tell my guardian angel I say thanks.”

Daniel rolled his eyes but smiled back all the same. He exited the room and closed the door. He stood there for a moment and exhaled a soft laugh.

“Damn you, Jack Thompson.” He said, shaking his head, before he started walking out of the hospital.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are really appreciated.

The next few chapters will have an underlying plot to them which should make a nice change from the snippets of fluff I’ve written. Thanks again, everyone.

Chapter Four: Everything Burns

Chapter Summary

Jack's girlfriend isn't just another chick. Daniel is a little bit suspicious. Jack gets into trouble.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this chapter took so long but I rewrote the entire idea I had for this part of the story!! As usual, I don't own anything. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jack couldn't decide if the constant pounding was in his head or on his front door. He set the bottle of whiskey he was drinking down on his bedside table and got up, one hand going to his forehead when the world started spinning.

Shit wasn't quite the right word to describe how he was feeling because he had passed that before he had even got home.

He had recovered from his injury quickly and returned to the field soon after but he still felt off all the time. A constant ache in his chest that made him wonder if he had heart trouble or was just insanely lonely now his girlfriend had left him.

Jack staggered to the door and opened it, staring at the person in the doorway.

"Crap." He swore and the woman on the other side glared. Of all the people to turn up at his door, his ex-girlfriend was definitely one he didn't want to see.

"Oh, well it's nice to see you too, Jack." Katlin snapped and pushed her way into his apartment. Jack leant against the wall, too dizzy to chase after her.

"What do you want, Katlin?" He sighed, keeping the door open in the hope that she would leave.

"I just wanted my things. Believe me, I won't interrupt your evening with the bottle. You smell like you've been swimming in the stuff." Katlin said bluntly and Jack snorted.

"You don't exactly smell great either. Still haven't cut down on the smoking?" Jack shot back and Katlin huffed.

Jack watched as the brunette went over to the window by the fridge and opened it, looking down at the fire escape out there.

"Anything you left there was stolen by someone, for sure." Jack told her and Katlin shut the window with a loud slam.

"Shut up, Jack." She stalked through his apartment and into his bedroom. Jack could hear her

laugh when she spotted the empty bottles of whiskey on his floor.

She returned to the door a few moments later with a handbag and a bundle of clothes. "Have a shit evening, jackass." Katlin said, closing the door behind her.

Jack sighed and rubbed at his eyes. Then he went back to bed and the bottle.

~

"Ah hell. Where's Thompson?" Daniel demanded. He was more than a little pissed and the lack of Jack's presence was making his job ten times harder. Three days in a row with no contact at all.

"Chill out, Sousa. He's probably just got a cold." One of the other agents called back and someone else murmured in agreement.

Daniel sighed and turned round in his chair. "Hey, Peg. You haven't seen Thompson, have you?"

Peggy looked up, mouth full of sandwich, still chewing, and shook her head. She swallowed quickly. "Not since Monday. He seemed pretty hung over then so maybe he's just drinking himself out of a situation. Isn't that what you boys do?"

Daniel smiled weakly. "Yeah. I guess. Something doesn't seem right."

"You're paranoid, Daniel. Go back to decoding that code and I'll finish off this report then maybe I can take you to see Angie's performance later." Peggy offered and Daniel bit his lip.

"I dunno, Peggy. I've got a bad feeling about this." Daniel protested but Peggy just stared at him with raised eyebrows until he caved in. "Alright, alright. Fine. I'll go."

Peggy grinned. "Formal dress. I'll meet you outside the theatre at seven o'clock."

Daniel shook his head. He just couldn't say no to Peggy Carter.

However, Daniel was right because in an abandoned block of flats, Jack Thompson was strapped down to a surgery table, a tray of syringes containing a green liquid in them.

Katlin sat on a window seat, lounging back against the wall as she waited for someone to arrive.

"I should have known you were more than a heartless bitch." Jack said. He had given up struggling five minutes after waking up when it had become apparent it was useless.

He was pretty useless himself. He'd been hung over and tired when there had been a tapping at his window. He hadn't been prepared at all for Katlin to knock him out, drag him down the fire escape and into her car.

"That is not what you called me when I had my mouth--" Katlin started but Jack cut her off.

"I called you many things that I now regret." He said and Katlin's face lit up with a cruel smile.

"I bet you regret calling me Danielle. I hope she found better than you, whoever the fuck she is." Katlin watched as Jack snarled.

She had always brought that up since the moment the name had come out of his mouth but what she didn't know was that she had misheard.

"So, who are we waiting for?" Jack asked as though they were having a casual conversation. Katlin rolled her eyes.

"You're the agent. You figure it out." Katlin said and Jack sighed, shutting his eyes.

“Yes or no questions?” He checked like they were playing a game and he could picture the way Katlin’s face changed as she became madder and madder with him.

“Shut up before I knock you out again.”

“Is it your boss?”

“Don’t make me break your pretty face.”

“So you think my face is pretty?”

“Go to hell, Thompson.”

“Ooo, someone’s getting feisty.”

“Do you not understand what is going on right now?” Katlin stood up, her hands shaking with rage. “You do not get to speak your mind. You should be begging for your freedom.”

“Ah, so it is your boss.” Jack grinned and Katlin growled. She picked up a syringe from the tray and inserted it to Jack’s arm, clearly done with waiting.

The injection burned like downing vodka and Jack choked on his sarcastic comment. He could feel his eyes watering as his vision started to blur.

Katlin dropped the syringe back onto the tray and stood back to watch as the drug took hold. Jack’s eyes glassed over as he slipped into a hallucination, his body tensing and relaxing according to whatever he was seeing.

Katlin went back over to the window and waited.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Kudos and comments are appreciated. I hope you guys will stick around to read the plot thing I've made. :)

Chapter Five: Hidden Meanings

Chapter Summary

Angie gushes about her performance, Peggy has a knowing smile and Daniel has a clue handed to him but he doesn't see it.

Chapter Notes

As usual, I own nothing. I apologise that this chapter is short but the next one will be longer. Promise.
Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Could I trouble you for a ride home?” Daniel asked as he exited the theatre with Peggy and Angie. Angie nodded furiously, still full of the energy that performing brought her.

“Sure thing, Daniel. God, I’m so glad you two came. That was my best performance yet.” She skipped a little way, spinning round in circles like a child. Peggy shook her head fondly before looking around for a cab.

“It was a pleasure, Angie. You’re so talented. I’m pretty sure half the audience was in tears.” Daniel smiled and Angie nudged him gently.

“Hey, thanks.” She beamed. “Say, Peg, did you buy the milk earlier?” She added when the thought occurred to her and Peggy nodded.

“Of course I did.” The agent reassured, opening the cab door for her friends when one stopped in front of them. She gave the addresses politely and the driver nodded.

Daniel was a little surprised that she knew his but he didn’t comment. After all, predicting Peggy Carter was like predicating the weather and you would have a better chance of understanding why everything existed than understanding her.

Angie gushed about the play for the majority of the way back to their home, talking about actors and sharing gossip about the manager that Daniel courteously listened to.

“Who was your favourite character? Besides mine, obviously.” Angie asked and Daniel thought about it for a moment.

“I thought the antagonist was good. Not that I supported any of his ideas but he was a good character in the sense of being a bad character... if that makes any sense.” Daniel answered and Angie laughed.

“It does. I like him too, though the actor is the complete opposite. He’s a real sweetheart and he even brought everyone presents for Christmas. Not like half-hearted tack either.” Angie said.

Daniel turned his head to look at Peggy and frowned a little. She was smirking at him with a knowing smile again and it was getting a little weird.

He opened his mouth to ask about it but the driver stopped the cab then.

“Stop for the gentleman.” He announced and Daniel opened the cab door.

“See you two later. Thanks.” He said before climbing out. He watched as the cab pulled away and turned round when someone tapped on his shoulder.

“I think you dropped this.” A young man said, pressing a note into Daniel’s hands and running away before he could protest.

Daniel unfolded the paper and read the scribbled writing, a little confused.

‘We could have lost him but you didn’t want for him to back up then because you know better. The start of looking down soon kills. Before, when he had ends approaching, up seemed worse- better than down. Dead men don’t walk. Be too late.’

It seemed like mindless rubbish or perhaps a half-written poem but with no obvious owner and no bin in sight, Daniel pocketed it and went into his apartment block.

It was cold in his apartment so he changed into one of his warmer sweater vests and a comfortable pair of trousers. He sat down at his kitchen table and pulled one of the many sheets of paper towards him.

After they had caught the gang leader- Gryphon, Daniel thought it was- a few weeks previous, he, Peggy and Jack had started an operation to clear up the rest of the gang. The problem was that the gang seemed to move around too quickly for them to get lucky so no matter how much work Daniel put in, they didn’t get results.

It was odd though because the gang wasn’t distributing the drugs they had been previously selling. It was like they were waiting for something and were just keeping out of arms reach until they were ready to reveal their final display.

Daniel sighed. He would go on to look through all the paper work for hidden details until he fell asleep at the table, unable to keep himself awake for much longer.

What he didn’t know was that there was a hidden detail sitting in his jacket pocket.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments and kudos are very appreciated. If you spot the hidden message in the note before Daniel does, leave me a comment saying what it is. There's no reward-sadly- other than satisfaction if you get it right but give it a go. Thanks again guys. :P

Chapter Six: Half Real, Half Dreams

Chapter Summary

Jack drifts between reality and the false world that the drug puts him in.

Chapter Notes

Blah blah, don't own anything, blah blah.
Another chapter so soon! Aren't you guys lucky? Ha.
Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Jack? You coming?” Daniel. Daniel standing in the doorway, smiling with a sparkle in his eyes, leaning on his crutch like it was a part of him and not something he was adjusting too.

Jack blinked a few times, nodded and took the hand held out to him. The fingers weren’t soft but they weren’t rough either. He let himself get pulled out of his room and they ended up on the beach with no one else around.

The sun was setting, turning the water orange, and the waves lapped at the sand over and over. He felt a weight press into his side and a head rest on his shoulder as they were now sitting on the sand.

Then they were kissing each other breathless, rolling around on the sand as they pulled at each other’s clothes, hands roaming followed by breathless declarations of love.

Jack.

Jack.

Jack.

“Jack.”

Jack’s eyes snapped open and he heaved in a breath. He was covered in sweat; his hair plastered to his forehead; shirt soaked through and his arms were shaking constantly.

It wasn’t real. It was a hallucination. Jack struggled to focus on anything else as he drilled that into his head. That wasn’t real.

Then why did it feel so good?

“Jack?” A male voice said and a cold hand tilted his head back, staring into his eyes. “Are you with us, Jack?”

Jack opened his mouth but no sound came out. He felt like he was choking still and his heart

thumped in his chest. Focus, Thompson, he told himself, desperately forcing himself to start paying attention.

“You pulled him out of it, Gryphon. Why would you do that?” Katlin demanded, standing on Jack’s other side.

The man, Gryphon, ignored her and continued to watch Jack. He had a long scar down one side of his face and his grey eyes were highlighted by the dark eye makeup around them, smudged almost like some sort of war paint.

“How are you feeling, Jack?” Gryphon asked and Jack didn’t even have to think about his answer.

“Alive.” He said, still catching his breath. Gryphon smiled then looked at Katlin.

“You were right, Katlin. I’m impressed. I didn’t expect you to be capable of such a scientific breakthrough.” Gryphon said and Katlin huffed.

“If I wanted to be downgraded then I would have asked Jack to share his opinion. You pulled him out of it so tell me why.” Katlin questioned and Jack could only lie quiet as the pair talked.

“I needed to make sure Jack was alright. Why else?” Gryphon said but Katlin didn’t believe him.

“We’ve been through six people and you didn’t care before. What’s so special about Jack?” She frowned, putting her hands on her hips.

Six people? Gryphon? There was something familiar about that and Jack tried to place it but his mind kept coming up blank... or more accurately it kept returning to the hallucination.

Why would that be where his mind went? What was the drug for? Taking your worst nightmares and making them good or taking your best dreams and amplifying them?

“You will see, Katlin. Now, test two, I think.” Gryphon smirked and Jack tensed. Now he had his head again, he didn’t want whatever was happening.

He pulled away as Katlin brought the injection close to his arm and she sighed.

“You don’t get a choice.” She said before the needle pierced his skin.

Once again, Jack’s vision blurred and then he wasn’t tied down anymore.

“We have to get up soon, Jack. The others will wonder where we are.” Daniel murmured, head resting on Jack’s bare chest as they lay in bed, covers just above their waists.

Jack kept his eyes closed. He could feel the warmth of the sunlight through his terrible quality curtains as Daniel drew lazy patterns over his stomach, fingers brushing lightly over scarred patches of skin.

“Let them wonder. I don’t want to move.” Jack sighed and he felt Daniel laugh, the vibrations making their way into his side.

“I didn’t take you for the cuddling type.” Daniel chuckles and Jack opened one eye to look at him.

“Oh?” He said and Daniel tilted his head back, brown eyes meeting blue.

“Not that I’m against this obviously but... I dunno... I just thought you’d be more... I don’t know how to explain it.” Daniel said and Jack smiled.

“The word you’re looking for is heartless.” He teased and Daniel made a soft noise of protest.

“That is not what- mphf.” He was cut off when Jack shifted both of them so he could press their lips together, one hand on the side of Daniel’s face and the other on his hip.

Jack pulled away when he needed to breathe, grinning wildly. Daniel pouted.

“That was unfair.” He complained but he didn’t mean it and they both knew it. He curled back up against Jack’s side and shut his eyes.

“I thought we needed to get up, Daniel.” Jack said and Daniel sighed heavily.

“I’ve decided that we can wait a few more minutes.” He replied and Jack laughed.

“Hey, Daniel?” He said after a pause. Daniel hummed, already falling back to sleep. “I love you.”

“Love you too, Jack.”

Chapter End Notes

All the cute stuff isn't real. Poor, Jack.

I will love you forever if you leave a comment and/or kudos.

Thank you so so so much for reading. :)

Chapter Seven: Peggy Knows Everything

Chapter Summary

Peggy and Daniel realise that something isn't quite right and it all ties into Jack's disappearance.

Chapter Notes

I don't own anything. I apologise to all those people who thought this was going to be a short story because it keeps going. Whoops. Anyway, enjoy chapter seven of many.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Daniel. Can I get you to help me with this?” Peggy caught Daniel by the arm before he could sit down. Evidently she had discovered something during his lunch break because she appeared to have half the world’s filing covering her desk.

“What is it?” He asked, leaning over the back of the desk while Peggy sat back down. She turned two of the sheets round for him.

“The gang leader we brought in last month was called Gryphon, right?” She checked and Daniel looked over the sheets. A list of different accounts of the gang leader’s description. They were all pretty much the same: tall, dark eyes, scar down his face.

“Yeah.” Daniel nodded. “What about him?”

“I don’t think the guy we have is actually Gryphon.” Peggy said and Daniel frowned.

“Why not?” The guy had confessed and everything. The description matched and he had been caught with at least a tonne of drugs.

Peggy pulled out a small slip of paper from the mess on her desk and set it beside another sheet. “This,” she tapped the small slip, “is a note that one of our guys recovered off a drug addict’s body yesterday. This is the signed confession from ‘Gryphon’.”

Daniel compared the two. The small slip had some information about a drop off point for a drug collection- signed by Gryphon- but what was odd was that the handwriting wasn’t quite the same.

“So the guy we brought in-” Daniel started.

“Isn’t Gryphon.” Peggy finished, nodding. “Presumably, he was a diversion to make us think we had him backed up when in reality...”

“In reality, we’ve got a distraction from what’s really going on.” Daniel finished and sighed.

“Where the hell is Jack when you need him?”

Peggy laughed. “Not Thompson today?” She asked and Daniel felt his cheeks turn faintly pink.

He had no response for that so he looked back down at the two pieces of writing. The real Gryphon's writing looked oddly familiar and he picked it up, looking at it closely.

"What?" Peggy tilted her head, leaning forward curiously. Daniel pulled the note he had got yesterday out of his pocket and compared the two.

"Some kid gave this to me yesterday when I got out of the cab. Is it me or does the writing look similar?" He asked and Peggy took the paper off him to look at it herself.

She picked up a pen and started to cross through words. "It's a skip code." She said once she'd finished. "Look."

"We have him. You want him back then you better start looking soon before he ends up worse than dead. Don't be late." Daniel read slowly, not wanting to process it because he already suspected the meaning.

Peggy got to her feet quickly, causing her chair to scrape on the floor slightly. "You were right, Daniel. Jack isn't ill at all."

"Where are you going?" Daniel called after her as she started walking out of the office.

"To talk to our fake Gryphon and find out what's going on."

~

Peggy knocked on Daniel's door twice and pulled her coat a little tighter around herself. She waited for him to answer, eyes flicking about nervously.

She had spoken to the fake Gryphon- whose name was not Gryphon but James- and after some persuasion, she had learnt a few things. From that, she had pieced together an idea as to what Gryphon's plan was and where he would be.

"Peggy." Daniel stood back to let her in. Despite the early hour and the tired expression on his face, Daniel was still in yesterday's clothes and he seemed almost restless, fingers drumming softly on the handle of his crutch. He hadn't slept properly at all and the notes and files on his table were a clear indication of what he had been doing. "Did you find something?"

"Gryphon's been developing a new drug for the market. It's hallucinogenic and is designed to make you see all your secret wishes amplified in your head like they're real." Peggy explained, walking over to Daniel's cupboard and helping herself to a bread roll.

"What's the catch?" Daniel asked, shutting the cupboard purposefully and making Peggy move away. He didn't complain though and she continued her explanation through a mouth full of bread.

"It's really addictive, apparently, and they haven't developed it properly yet so Gryphon is still testing it. I think they're probably using Jack to test it."

Daniel froze. It made perfect sense. If Gryphon didn't know what affects his drug could have, something worse than death may be an option.

"We need to find him." He said and Peggy pulled the knowing face again before she nodded.

"I asked about that too. Apparently, there's an abandoned block of flats near to the warehouse we searched. Gryphon used to live there before the war." She said and Daniel grabbed his coat.

"Let's go then."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Also, thank you for the kudos and comments. I love to hear from you guys so feel free to leave comments about what you're enjoying and stuff. They really make me smile. Oh, and I'm thinking about moving the rating to M because of the drugs and stuff so if you think I should then let me know. Thanks, guys.

Chapter Eight: Playing The Game

Chapter Summary

Peggy and Daniel go to get Jack back but Gryphon and Katlin have other plans.

Chapter Notes

First of all, sorry this took a tad longer than normal but my internet wasn't working and I couldn't get onto AO3 to upload it.

Second, I don't own anything.

Third, Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Gryphon. Quit writing notes.” Katlin sighed as Gryphon scribbled something into his notebook for what she felt was the tenth time that minute.

“The levels of cortisol affect how well the drug works. Forgive me for making notes so we can find a suitable level.” Gryphon snapped back and Katlin glared.

“I don’t give a crap about the ‘suitable level’. I just want my money so I can get out of this hell hole.” She said and Gryphon raised his eyebrows, setting down his pen.

“You asked me what was so special about Jack.” He glanced to the sleeping form of the agent, still strapped down but not currently being tested. “I’ll tell you.”

Katlin folded her arms across her chest, leaning back against the wall. “Go on then.”

“Nothing really.” Gryphon answered. “There is nothing special about him at all. He’s no better than any youth I could have picked up out of the gutter. What he stands for is what is special.”

Katlin huffed. “He’s an SSR agent, not Captain America.”

Gryphon smirked. “What is the SSR for, Katlin?” He asked patronizingly and Katlin refused to answer. “It’s for removing threats to the people.”

“Great. Good for it. So what?” Katlin wasn’t amused by the poetical way Gryphon was explaining himself.

“So, I’m creating a threat to the people through the SSR. Where did you think my funding came from? Old drug sales? No.” Gryphon shook his head. “You would be surprised how many people paid me to use Jack as a lab rat.”

“So when you gave James the false lead to tell them, you weren’t just playing for time but testing Jack?” Katlin frowned. “That’s not it though, is it?”

“No.” Gryphon agreed.

“So Jack isn’t special but he is because you got paid to use him?” Katlin shook her head. “A little contradictory.”

“He said he loved you but it’s not your name he calls out when he’s drifting.” Gryphon shot back and Katlin’s eyes narrowed.

“Fuck off.” She shoved past him and left the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

Gryphon laughed and picked up his pen again. “Looks like it’s just you, me and Daniel.” He said to Jack before he continued with his note taking.

~

“Gryphon!” Katlin burst back into the apartment two hours later, hair knotted from the strong wind outside, face flushed from running up the stairs. “SSR agents are searching the apartments below.”

“Which room?” Gryphon asked, leaning back in his chair to take the phone.

“They should be in 3A by now.” Katlin said, crossing the room to grab her bag, stuffing everything into it and zipping it shut. “What are you doing?” She yelled when Gryphon dialed and held the phone to his ear.

“I’m playing a game.”

~

“I hate these stairs.” Daniel huffed, reaching the top of the flight as Peggy kicked down the door to apartment 3A.

Dust flew up in a large cloud and she frowned, shining her torch on the room to see if there was any clues. “They’re not that bad.” She replied after a pause, entering the apartment.

They both jumped when the phone rang loudly. They exchanged glances before Peggy crossed the room and lifted it up cautiously. She held it up so Daniel could hear too as someone spoke.

“Good afternoon... or it is evening now, I’m not sure. My name is Gryphon. Who are you two?”

Daniel looked at Peggy as if to tell her not to answer but she ignored him, mouthing something he didn’t catch. “Peggy and Daniel. It’s a pleasure to hear from you Gryphon. James doesn’t sound anything like you.”

Gryphon laughed on the other end. “No. Quite right, Peggy. He doesn’t. It’s a pleasure to hear from you too. As for you, Daniel, well. Jack would be most delighted to see you, I’m sure.”

Daniel gritted his teeth, biting back any comment he would have made. Gryphon was not only a gang leader but crafty and clever. Daniel knew he had to keep calm or else it wouldn’t just be him paying the price.

“So you have him then?” Peggy said, going to wind the phone cord round her finger before she remembered that everything was covered with a centimeter of black dust.

“Oh, yes, of course. Or at least, I did have him. He hasn’t woken up in around twelve hours so who knows.” Gryphon laughed in a way that sent shivers down Daniel’s spine.

“You are aware we’re going to have to take you in, aren’t you, Gryphon?” Peggy checked. She

was unsure about the casual tone the conversation had and it made her worry that there was something she was missing.

“Yes, I am. Such a shame. Jack really has been a useful test subject. Isn’t it a pity?” Gryphon sighed and Daniel leaned closer to the phone.

“Isn’t what a pity?” Peggy asked, echoing Daniel’s own thoughts.

“That you were so focused on this conversation you failed to realise I’m not alone.” Gryphon said.

Peggy and Daniel whirled round, eyes going to the door where Katlin was waiting, a gun in her hand.

“Katlin, I forgot to tell you. He keeps saying Daniel.” Gryphon added and Katlin tensed, her finger twitching on the trigger of the gun aimed at Daniel.

Daniel felt his blood run cold. Katlin was Jack’s ex-girlfriend. He knew that from the conversation on the night shift and it made the situation make more sense. She must have got into his apartment with a key and taken him by surprise.

But that wasn’t why his heart was in his mouth. Jack was saying his name. Oh God.

“Katlin, you don’t have to do this.” He said and Katlin snorted.

“No but I will. Hands off your gun please, Peggy.” Katlin said when she noticed Peggy trying to take the gun from under her coat. “I should have known he’d be a faggot. He never did like sharing the bed.”

“Katlin. Please.” Daniel raised one hand and took a step forward. He could see the way Katlin’s hands trembled and how she flinched a little when he moved.

“He’d get nightmares.” Katlin continued. “Whatever happened in the war affected him. He’d wake up and sit with his legs off the edge of the bed, breathing like he’d run from Bronx to Brooklyn without stopping. Consider this a favour, Daniel. Find yourself a woman and let the broken bastard die like he should have in Japan.”

“We’re not leaving without him.” Daniel said firmly and Katlin nodded.

“Fair enough.” She said and pulled the trigger.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Please comment and leave kudos as it's nice to hear what you think and know I'm not just talking to myself.

Chapter Nine: Cortisol

Chapter Summary

Peggy and Daniel have to reach Jack in time but will they be able to save him when they get there?

Chapter Notes

Longest chapter yet! Whoop whoop. I don't own anything and you guys better enjoy this chapter because I know I did. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The shot echoed for a second and Daniel looked down at himself, confused. Katlin hadn't shot him or Peggy. He frowned and barely had time to look back at her before the ceiling collapsed.

Old plaster, paint and rotted floorboards came crashing down around his head and he dropped to the floor, curling up to make himself as small as possible.

Dust spiraled up everywhere, filling the air like smoke. A large plank fell down and landed over Daniel's chest, stopped by another piece of debris on his left.

Daniel coughed, rolling onto his back when the dust started clearing and things stopped dropping. Katlin was gone, the doorway empty.

"Peg? You alright?" Daniel asked, pushing the plaster out of his hair and the plank away from him so he could sit up. "Peg? Peggy?"

Daniel looked around for his friend, heart beating so hard it could have come out of his chest. He didn't even feel the blood running down his face from a cut above his eyebrow.

"Peggy?" He repeated louder, his voice wavering as he started to panic a little. He couldn't get both Peggy and Jack out if she was hurt.

Suddenly, Peggy sat up, coughing violently, hair falling out of place and plaster dust covering her jacket. "Daniel."

"Oh, thank God." Daniel sighed, relieved. He was half tempted to fall back down and just lie down for a bit but he knew he couldn't. "Are you alright?"

Peggy nodded and brought her hands up to her face to wipe off the dust. When she lowered them, she had red stains across her forehead.

She stared down at her fingers as Daniel pulled himself over the rubble to reach her.

"Just my right hand. I'm fine." She protested as Daniel took her fingers and looked at them. Broken and bleeding but it was just her right hand that was notably injured.

“Did you get them?” Gryphon’s voice was faint over the phone and both the agents started at each other before making their way over to where the receiver was.

“Your faith in me is outstanding.” Katlin replied. “Either way, we should leave now. They won’t be the only agents to come by.”

“Any man with half a brain wouldn’t make it up to the top where we are. You know that.” Gryphon said. “Shall we start the next test?”

Peggy leapt to her feet and pulled Daniel up with her, helping him climb over the debris and to the door. “Top floor, you think?” She checked and he nodded.

“I’ll call the office. You go.” Daniel told her, wiping at his face and smudging blood over his temple and Peggy nodded before racing away to the stairwell.

~

“Step away from the Agent and put your hands up.” Peggy said, gun raised and pointed at Gryphon. Her left hand shook slightly as she was used to using her right hand.

The man turned his head slowly and took a step back from Jack, dropping the empty syringe onto the tray.

“Too slow, Peggy. I’m afraid we just gave Jack an overdose to see what happens.” Gryphon smirked, taking another step away from Jack and allowing Peggy to see him properly.

Pale, shaking and covered in sweat, Jack’s eyes were moving under his eyelids despite it being clear he wasn’t awake. His fingers jerked and moved every so often and soft whines escaped his lips.

“Put your hands on your head and keep them there.” Peggy said, entering the room. Gryphon and Katlin began backing up towards the window and Peggy only realised what they were planning on doing when it was too late.

The pair climbed out of the window, scaling down the side of the building in a way that suggested they’d practiced. Peggy took a couple of shots but they hit the brickwork instead.

“Don’t go anywhere, Thompson.” She said and got up onto the window ledge, preparing herself to climb down after them.

She heaved a sigh of relief when three SSR cars came racing up the road and skidded to a halt, agents jumping out of vehicles to grab the criminals before they escaped.

Peggy dropped her gun, letting it clatter to the floor, and moved over to Jack’s side. “Thompson? Thompson? Jack? It’s Peggy. Can you hear me? Jack?”

Peggy’s mind was running in circles. She had no idea what was in the drug and didn’t know how to deal with it.

She looked around at the equipment and her eyes fell on Gryphon’s notebook. She opened it, flicking through the pages, turning lots of the corners red.

Lots of chemicals that she didn’t recognise where apparently ingredients but there was nothing...

“Oh my God.” Daniel breathed out when he reached the room and his eyes fell on Jack. “Fuck. Jack.” He covered the distance faster than Peggy had thought possible, taking Jack’s hand in his.

Daniel felt like his heart had been ripped from his chest and everything he felt about Jack was

slotting into place but maybe he was too late. It was like the warehouse all over again but he didn't know what to do.

"Cortisol!" Peggy yelled suddenly, slamming her hand down on the book and leaving a bloody hand print over it.

"What?" Daniel asked, alerted to the fact he was almost crying by the sound of his voice.

"The drug uses cortisol to weaken the immune system so the drug can take effect. Cortisol is the stress hormone and is reduced by stuff like nice walks and cuddles and kissing." Peggy explained, talking quickly and Daniel blinked a few times.

"Dammit, Peggy. You better be right or I won't hear the end of this." He said before cupping Jack's face and pressing their lips together.

~

Jack turned his head slowly and found himself in a forest. The trees were tall and green and the ground was cracked, dusty and dry.

His hands were wet and he brought them up, staring in horror at the red staining them. The blood dripped off onto the dust, turning it red until all the ground around him was red.

Jack lowered his hands and turned round only to find dead bodies on the ground. Some were half buried by bushes at the edge of the path and others were laying face up, staring at the sky with lifeless eyes.

Jack walked between them, looking at the faces of young men he didn't recognise. Then, the further he got down the endless line, he began to see familiar faces.

Some of the new agents. His favourite bar men. Friends and family, even Peggy who was watching him with an empty stare, his name half-said on her lips. All dead with slit throats or missing eyes or gaping wounds.

"Jack." Someone gasped and a hand came out, curling itself around his own fingers. Bloody fingers stained the fabric of his gloves and pulled him down onto his knees.

"Daniel." Jack didn't understand the emotion in his own voice but every part of him knew that he had killed all the people around him.

Daniel coughed, spitting up blood onto the already red ground. Half of his face was covered in blood, a gash down the side of his face from his eyebrow to mouth still bleeding.

"Jack. Help me." He begged and Jack tore at his shirt, pulling it away only to find a hole where his heart should have been. There was just nothing. "Jack."

Jack put a hand over his mouth, ignoring the blood still coating it. He had done this. He'd ripped out Daniel's heart.

"Jack. Please. Help me. Jack." Daniel continued to plead, wide eyes starting to glass over.

Jack didn't know what to do. He got up and walked away then started running. He had to get away. He had killed Daniel. He had killed everyone.

He just kept running.

And then he wasn't.

~

Even through the spinning in his head and the strong desire to vomit, Jack was aware someone was kissing him... and that he was kissing back.

It felt nice and for a long moment he forgot about the nausea and the pain. He wasn't fighting anything but floating to the surface of a dense nightmare.

Then he realised who he was kissing.

Daniel.

He was kissing Daniel.

No. He was still trapped in his own thoughts. He needed to fight his way out but he couldn't, every part of him weighed down with fatigue.

Daniel pulled away but kept their faces close so their noses brushed. "Jack. Come on. Please."

Maybe this was real. Jack wanted to laugh at the comedy of it all. Had he really just been 'cured' with a kiss? His thoughts didn't quite match up to his words and all snarky comments were lost.

"Daniel." Jack managed, voice raw and tired, opening his eyes with the little strength he had. Please be real. Please be real. Please be real.

Daniel seemed to do a double take before his face split into the biggest grin. He had tears in his eyes but they weren't needed anymore.

"Hey, Jack." Daniel replied, laughing softly with relief.

"You're real?" Jack checked, leaning into Daniel's hand on the side of his face. A small voice at the back of his mind was begging him to put on his usual jerk persona and to stop this nonsense but Jack wasn't going to listen.

Daniel nodded, a few tears making their way down his cheeks. "Yeah, this is real."

"You got something here." Jack reached up with a shaking hand when Peggy started untying him and ran his thumb over the cut on Daniel's face.

Daniel huffed out a laugh. "Yeah, your hand, idiot."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! You may think the end is coming soon but the drama isn't over yet.

Please leave a comment and tell me what you think, what you're looking forward to and whether you liked the chapter. Thaaaaanks. xx

(P.S. You're gonna love the next chapter. ;))

Chapter Ten: Blank

Chapter Summary

The chapter where everything happens except it doesn't. (I promise you will all love it.)

Chapter Notes

I am so happy with this chapter, you have no idea. This is what I have been planning for so long. Prepare yourselves.... go! Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jack woke up in a strange house, in a strange bed with a really strange lamp on the ridiculously poncey bedside table. Never in his life had he seen such an elaborately carved piece of furniture and he wasn't quite sure what to make of it.

The curtains weren't as crap as his either and the light in the room was limited to what could sneak in through the gap at the bottom of the door.

Slowly, Jack pulled the covers back- red and way too soft- and swung his legs off the bed, sitting up. A wave of nausea rolled over him and it brought with it the realisation that he had very recently been a drug test subject.

Gryphon... Katlin... hospital... injections... blood transplants... Peggy... and... Daniel. If he wasn't in hospital now, then where was he?

The last thing he remembered was some nurse spoon feeding him soup while Peggy sat in the corner and laughed.

He reached out and switched on the lamp, glaring at it as it began to increase in brightness. The clock on the wall read 11:16 but Jack wasn't sure whether that meant am or pm.

The door opened suddenly and Daniel entered, rubbing at his eyes with one hand. The cut on his face still hadn't fully healed, Jack noted, so it hadn't been that long since... well... since everything that happened.

"You should be sleeping." Daniel said, shutting the door behind him and leaning back against it. Jack grinned.

"What can I say? I don't play by the rules." He said and Daniel sighed.

"There's the asshole I know." He replied. "Three days of you being the world's biggest softie was rather disconcerting."

Three days? Jack wasn't sure whether it was good that the drug had been flushed out in three days or bad that he was missing three days' worth of memories.

“Relax. Nothing important happened. You were in hospital. They ran some tests and developed a cure.” Daniel seemed to sense Jack’s worry and answered the thoughts in his head like he’d said them out loud.

“You mean a better cure.” Jack joked and Daniel’s cheeks turned red.

“Uh, yeah. Sure. If you wanna look at it like that.” He managed, crossing the room and sitting down on the bed beside Jack, propping his crutch on the bedside table.

Jack watched him carefully. “How do you look at it?” He asked but Daniel dodged the question.

“How are you feeling? Howard seemed to think you wouldn’t wake up for a day or two more.” Daniel said and Jack raised his eyebrows.

“Howard? As in-”

“As in Stark. Yeah. Peggy called in a favour and got him to help with the cure.” Daniel explained and realisation dawned on Jack as to where he was. He was in the Stark house that Peggy was staying in. Great. That explained the stupid bedside table.

“Don’t tell me he kissed me too.” Jack sighed.

“What? No. It was...” Daniel paused when their gazes met, “... just me.”

There was a silence and both men looked away.

“You understand why I did it, right?” Daniel checked, staring at his hands.

“Oxytocin to fight the cortisol. Yeah, I know.” Jack nodded, eyes focused on the duvet where one of his hands rested, fingers running over the fabric.

“Anyone else would have done the same.” Daniel continued, talking faster with his nervousness.

“Of course.” Jack agreed. “And you caught Gryphon?”

“Yeah.”

“And Katlin?”

“Yes.”

“Cleared up the drugs?”

“Of course.”

“Peggy?”

“She’s fine.”

“It didn’t mean anything.”

“No.”

“I was drugged.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“There was no other choice.”

“No.”

“Alright.”

There was a pause and it felt like the world was holding its breath, waiting for something.

“Just saving your life.” Daniel said and Jack’s breath hitched.

“Just saving my life.” He echoed slowly.

Then, as if it was a scene rehearsed from a movie, they both turned their heads at the same time and their lips met, eyelids fluttering shut as Jack’s hands went to Daniel’s waist and Daniel’s arms looped round Jack’s neck, dragging each other closer and closer.

It wasn’t perfect but it felt like it and they only parted briefly for air before diving back in to the nonsensical bliss they had just created.

Breathless, hearts pounding and mouths still parted as if they would just continue, they stopped, eyes opening to look at each other and take everything in.

“We shouldn’t.” Daniel’s voice was no more than a whisper as he slipped back in for another kiss. It was like drowning and he just wanted to sink deeper and deeper. He knew he couldn’t but he couldn’t stop himself.

“I know.” Jack replied, going in for a kiss and then backing out when Daniel moved in too. “But if no one knows...”

“Then it didn’t happen.” Daniel nodded, eyes searching Jack’s for his agreement. “And if it didn’t happen...”

“Then we didn’t do it.” Jack finished, grabbing Daniel’s shirt and pulling him forward so their lips crashed together again.

Nothing happened after that.

Chapter End Notes

.... so nothing happened. Of course not. They totally didn't just... you know... ;P
Thank you guys so much for reading. Just a little bit more to go now and a tad more drama. We can't have things getting too happy. :P
Your comments and kudos mean a lot so thank you all for leaving them and I'd love it if you could keep telling me your thoughts. Thaaaaanks.

Chapter Eleven: Filler

Chapter Summary

Short chapter that leads up to the next chapter basically.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's so short but you know how it goes. Only one or two more chapters to go now I think.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Two weeks later and Peggy, Daniel and Jack were working the night shift. Or at least, Peggy and Daniel were. Jack hadn't gone home and, from the way he was hunched over his work, it didn't look like he was leaving soon.

"Hey, Daniel?" Peggy leant back in her chair, the soft thud of heels meeting desk followed by the fluttering of paper as it fell off her desk.

"Mm?" Daniel turned, drinking some of the water from his glass.

"Did you sleep with Jack?" Peggy asked casually and Daniel did one of the most impressive spit takes that Peggy had ever seen. He coughed loudly before rounding on her with wide eyes.

"What?" He gaped and she grinned.

"So you did?" Daniel wasn't sure how she found out all this information and it was slightly more than a little worrying.

"No." He lied and she raised her eyebrows, folding her arms.

"So he now gets your coffee, does your filing, fetches you chips, knows your lunch order and calls you Daniel in casual conversation out of the kindness of his heart?" Peggy said and Daniel threw a pen at her. "Hey!"

She picked up a scrap piece of paper, balled it up and threw it back at him, knocking his lamp so it wobbled on the edge of his desk.

"Okay, say hypothetically that I might have slept with Jack, you seem okay with that." Daniel said, ripping paper out of his pad to throw.

"Hypothetically, I'm not bothered that he's a guy. I'm bothered because he's Jack." Peggy replied and Daniel frowned, ducking one of the many projectiles now being tossed about.

"I think there's more to Jack than meets the eye." Daniel told her. "I know every asshole has a tragic backstory and all that but I don't think Jack is like that."

“Don’t think or don’t want to believe?” Peggy asked before she almost fell out of her chair. She took her feet off the desk and leant forward on her elbows. “You know I want what’s best for you, Daniel, don’t you?”

Daniel sighed and nodded. “You’re my friend; one of my best. Of course I know that.”

“Alright. Going back to our hypothetical situation where you slept with Jackass, what situation are you in now?” Peggy questioned and Daniel could feel his cheeks heat up.

He wasn’t really sure what was going on with Jack. They hadn’t talked about it and it didn’t look like they were going to talk about it. A small part of Daniel was hoping that it wouldn’t just be one night only but, now Jack wasn’t in danger of dying, he had his head back and he could think clearly and logically.

“Oh.” Peggy said before Daniel actually answered her. “You’re stuck in the middle, aren’t you?”

Daniel nodded once. “Hypothetically.”

Peggy pulled several faces- not all desperately attractive- before she spoke again. “Did I ever let you look through Gryphon’s notes?”

Daniel was a little confused at the apparent change of subject but he shook his head. “No. Why? Something useful in them?”

“Jack sleep talks. Not much but enough. Gryphon got some of it down.” Peggy explained. “He’d call out your name through the hallucinations. If you want to get out of the middle ground, ask him about it.”

Daniel wasn’t sure what to make of the new information. On one hand, he wasn’t sure whether asking Jack about that would be a good idea. Jack wasn’t the type to casually discuss things like that but, then again, Daniel was curious as hell and he wanted some answers.

“I thought you didn’t like me sleeping with him.” Daniel pointed out after a little bit of processing what he was going to do. Peggy grinned.

“No but you do.” She said, winking and Daniel pulled a face at her, getting to his feet.

“If he beheads me, it’s your fault, Peg.” He told her and she laughed.

“Consider ducking.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Your comments and kudos mean so much. I love you all. *hugs and kisses*

OH! By the way, if you wanna come and say hi or talk about anything, my tumblr is connectingsmalldots.tumblr.com. :)

Chapter Twelve: I Think I Love You

Chapter Summary

Final chapter. There is cuteness.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is dedicated to each and every one of you for sticking with me on this twelve chapter story of our favourite jerk and favourite cutie pie. Thank you. I know I could have written a more for this chapter but I think I would end up waffling on too much so this is the way it ends. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It took Daniel half an hour to gather up the right mind set to have the conversation with Jack. It wasn't that it was hard to understand but more he was struggling with how to word it and how the outcome could change everything.

Peggy had gone home a short while so it was just himself and Jack in the office which made everything a bit easier.

Daniel pushed open the door to Jack's office and stood in the doorway, silent and waiting for Jack to notice. The blond looked up almost immediately however, blue eyes staring right back.

"You look like you're about to tell me something serious. Do I need to go get a drink?" Jack said, leaning back in his chair and stretching. His face changed slightly and Daniel could tell that he was nervous. Obviously, Jack was aware that they were going to have that conversation.

"What are we doing, Jack?" Daniel sighed, wanting nothing more than to have the answer out in front of him but it wasn't going to be that simple. "And don't say something like 'the night shift' because you know that isn't what I mean."

Jack frowned and opened one of his desk draws, producing a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. "So we are gonna need a drink." He said as the bottoms of all three items made thuds on his desktop.

Daniel crossed the room, dragged out the spare chair and sat down, leaning his crutch on the corner of the desk. He took the glass when Jack handed it to him, swirling the drink for a moment before knocking it back.

Jack chuckled. "You must be great at drinking contests." He said, clearly trying to delay the conversation.

"Jack. I can't... we can't do this without knowing what we're doing. We've both been putting this off but we need to sort this out. We need to sort us out." Daniel said, feeling his cheeks heat up when Jack's eyes started searching his as if they could have their conversation through looks.

Jack sighed after a moment, downed his drink and put the glass on the table. “You want me to be completely honest, yeah?” He checked.

Daniel nodded. “Please.”

Jack took a deep breath. “I want to spend my life with you. I want to come home after a crap day and know you’ll be there for me. I don’t care what anyone else says and I’ll shove their dumb laws up their ass if I have to. I know this will have to be secret and it will be dangerous but I’m willing to risk that. ” There was a pause where Jack got up and walked round his desk so he was next to Daniel. He knelt down so they were the same height then said, “I love you.”

Daniel’s heart stopped for a moment. His mind went blank and everything he had been worried about disappeared instantly. Why had they been putting this off for so long? It was like a weight lifting of his shoulders and Daniel knew he would probably start crying soon if he wasn’t careful.

“Dammit, Daniel. Say something.” Jack said, taking Daniel’s hands in his own. It was almost surreal- the traffic outside seemed non-existent, the flickering light in the corner of the room wasn’t there- and it was just the two of them.

“I love you too.” Daniel said and happily let Jack pull him into a hug, resting his head on the blond’s shoulder. “God, Jack. I love you.”

It would have been a lie to say they would live happily ever after but it might as well have been a fairy-tale anyway. They had each other now and that was all that mattered.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. You guys are the best. I may get round to doing a sequel which will be a series of different points from their life together or maybe another plot. Who knows? I don't. Hehe. But yes, thank you for reading. I love you all so much. Feel free to come talk to me at anytime. My tumblr is connectingsmalldots.tumblr.com.
See you around. x

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!